Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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NOTHING AND NIGHT.

BY FRANCES J. DYER.

Idly upon the Galilean shore
Wait seven despondent men, at close of day.
"Why tarry here?" asks Peter, "we no more
Shall see the Master. To our boat, I say."

Silent and sad they launch upon the lake
To drown, in hard, familiar toil, their woe.
But never hath the longing and the ache
Of sentient human hearts been stifled so!

Darkness and gloom enshroud the little boat;
A deeper darkness settles on their minds;
The empty net upon the waves afloat
No usual prey of hungry fishes finds.

Nothing and night! This seems the fruitless end
Of all their toil and trust for three long years;
An empty net—forsaken by their Friend—
Exposed to midnight chill and cruel fears.

O timid, troubled hearts! O blinded eyes!
Both morn and Christ are waiting on the shore.
The loving soul discerns him first, and cries,
"It is the Lord!" and briskly bends the oar.

Nothing and night! So other toilers say,
Than those rude fishermen of Galilee;
But Christ and morn are never far away,
Though eyes are holden that they do not see.

O for love's intuition to divine
The Master's presence, in the dark or dawn!
O for a faith that will the brighter shine
Whene'er his gracious presence is withdrawn!

AN HISTORIC QUILTING.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

It was house-cleaning time for the Haskins. Mr. Haskin locked up his valuables and spent as much time at the store as possible, while the boys openly revolted and declared they "might just as well not have any home and done with it." Meantime, the female portion of the house reveled to its heart's content. Up to date they had reached the closets and bureaus which bring to light the hidden treasures of a household.

Eloise, the elder daughter, had chosen mother's chest "that she had from home, you see," while Bessie near by examined the bundles as they were thrown out.

"Here's your everlasting quilt, Bess. I get so tired of shaking it out twice a year. Why don't you give it away?"

"Give it away?" echoed Bess, in dismay, as she unrolled the bundle. "What are you thinking of? Just remember how I toiled over it, and pricked my fingers, and cried when the blocks wouldn't match, and begged pieces of all the girls. Give it away? No, indeed!"

"Then I would advise you henceforth," began Eloise, in her wisest, elder-sisterly tone, from the depths of the chest, "to refrain from spending your bread for that which satisfieth not."

"It does satisfy," retorted Bess. "Just see, a piece of every dress I ever had, and grandma's quaint old print, and the cambric that was part of mamma's trousseau. I tell you, it's historic."

"Why don't you have an historic quilting then, and get it in shape for a relic?" asked Eloise.

"Exactly," shouted Bessie, jumping up from her stool, "the very thing! I'll have a downright old-fashioned quilting, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, and an old-fashioned supper, with carded gingerbread and cider apple-sauce. And O! we'll have old dresses and old dishes, and candles instead of horrid lamps."

"If you go into that," said Eloise, stopping in her work to consider the thing seriously, "why not combine a little study, and ask each guest to tell a story from history, something from the Revolutionary War or the Pilgrims. Of course, you wont quilt much. That can't be expected anyway. It will save you from gossip. Supper, dress, and history will meet the threefold nature of girl, I'm sure."

"Just you help carry it out, dear, and we'll add any thing, even to Pindar and Hesiod," cried Bessie, in a burst of excitement. "I'll begin to buzz it at once."

Perhaps you can just imagine how it "took." The old-fashioned dressing of itself was quite enough to captivate the school-girls, and, added to the other novelties, drove them quite wild.

They owned they couldn't quilt—had never done such a thing in their eventful lives—and Mollie Bean begged piteously to be put on the back side of the quilt, "that tucks in, you know," while many shook their heads over the history stories. But Bessie quoted to them that historic quiltings "expected every man to do his duty," and hastened home to make arrangements. Old wardrobes were immediately resurrected, and the girl who could do hair *a la pompadour* with high combs had a rushing business in coiffures. The girls made themselves hideous for days previous with experiments, "but never mind, it's in a good cause."

Grandma Haskin, who had sat in the chimney-corner like Cinderella, a trifle disconsolately through the reigns of arasene and kensington, came forth triumphantly to direct the raised doughnuts and regulation pumpkin pies, which cook said she "had niver known the loike of."

On the day appointed, promptly at one o'clock, they assembled at Bessie's, though one girl did call it an outrageous hour, and said she hadn't had a bite of dinner. It took all the noon to dress.

Can you just think what an artistic picture it made when they were all seated around the quilt in the sunny south chamber, arrayed in the quaint dresses, capes, and kerchiefs of old time, giggling and tittering and chattering much more than the original wearers very likely. Mollie Bean had renounced the hair-dressing, and instead had drawn a Quaker cap down over her roguish curls. Once fairly settled at the quilt, and having complimented each other on their several appearances, they began to talk of their history stories, as the needles slipped back and forth, often awkwardly, and very often (let it be whispered) in long, long stitches.

"By the way," began Mollie, stopping to tend her pricked finger and nudge her nearest neighbor, "what are you going to tell us about in history?"

"O, I shall not announce it until the grand announcement after supper. I *thought* I would tell how Washington crossed the Delaware midst drifting ice, and fell upon the Hessians, and gained that victory for the poor colonists."

"Did you?"

"O no, indeed; what I did choose is a dark secret."

"My mother was born in Boston," announced little Miss Graham, with just a shade of superiority in her tone, "so I thought I would write up Bunker Hill. What a scene it was when the roofs and steeples were full of people watching the red-coats creeping up the hill, and the little band of patriots on the top firing gallantly on them till they had used up all their ammunition. They deserve a monument, and I hope you'll all go and see it."

"And so that's your story, is it?" asked Bessie.

"O no, mine is a secret too."

"My *first* inclination was to go further back," announced a pretty girl, with dreamy, sentimental eyes, "and tell about the *Mayflower* and Miles Standish. I think his courtship is so funny where he loved Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, and got John Alden to propose for him. Don't you remember what he said,

> " 'I'm not afraid of bullets nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
> But of a thundering "No!" point blank from the mouth of a woman.
> That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it.'

It ends so nice, and John gets Priscilla just as he ought to, though she has almost to propose when she says, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' That's the only thing I have against Priscilla. Bessie, I've quilted two whole rows."

"Why didn't you wait and tell us your story with the rest of us?" demanded little Graham.

"O, what I have been telling is only what I *thought* I would choose. I will announce mine later with the rest."

"Don't you wish you could have seen Washington?" asked a gentle-voiced girl, stitching away industriously, while she talked.

"Would rather have seen Honest Abe, who broke the shackles from four millions of slaves," declared Mollie, in a burst of oratorical rhetoric.

"O I hadn't," persisted the gentle voice, "I became so interested in reading up that winter at Valley Forge that I thought at first I would choose it. It's harder to freeze or starve for one's country than to march on to a battle-field with flags flying and bands playing. There, at Valley Forge, Washington and his soldiers just had to wait and suffer. And do you remember about the Quaker who, of course, didn't believe in war, but one day he discovered the general alone in the solemn pine forest praying so earnestly for his soldiers and his cause that he declared to his wife that such a leader would win, though he was a soldier. I think it's just a beautiful story."

"So it is," declared Bessie, rounding the shell border laboriously. "You ought to have chosen it, and then I would have named my quilt the Valley Forge, as a monument to Washington and his soldiers."

"It's more likely to be a monument to bloodshed," said Mollie, holding up an array of pricked fingers, "and you haven't one of you asked me what I *thought* of telling."

"Proceed, Miss Bean, proceed!" cried Bessie, throwing the spool of thread at her.

"Well, mine's a really truly story about when my grandmother was young and handsome, and she went to a quilting, and one of the guests got drunk on milk-punch, and went reeling home holding onto the fence. I was going to tell it, and draw a neat little moral at the close and show how the world do move. Just see what you've lost."

"Is it possible that such a thing could happen?" asked little Graham, lifting her eye-brows incredulously.

"Yes, mum. She belonged to the *élite* of the Corners, for it wasn't even a village. It was quite near Boston," added Mollie, innocently.

Even little Graham had to join in the laugh that was raised.

"I thought at first I would tell about Paul Revere and his horse, for I don't think the horse has ever had credit due," announced a little miss on the opposite corner. She was gorgeous in an embroidered bodice and mutton-leg sleeves, which made her a good deal in the way on the quilt, and so more ornamental than useful. "He had the real spirit of the Revolution," she declared, plunging her needle into position, "as he watched for the light that night, and then sprang on his charger and rushed through

> " 'Every Middlesex village and farm,
> Telling the folks to be up and at arm,'

but I thought the story was too old, so I chose something more appropriate."

Just here Eloise appeared and announced the supper. Every family that possessed an old dish had contributed it, and they didn't mind that there were six milk-pitchers on the table, though Miss Bean *did* remark that they were in a land that flowed with milk. The bill of fare was as quaint and substantial as the dishes and the occasion, closing appropriately with pumpkin pie, concerning which Bessie proposed,

"Let's call it punk-in. It will be more in accordance with the institution we celebrate."

"And sacrifice our dictionaries?" asked little Graham, with dignity.

"In comparison with such an occasion as this, what is a mere dictionary?" demanded Mollie, with such overwhelming emphasis that she carried all before her, and "punk-in" it was.

The programme announced that on retiring from supper and taking their places around the quilt the historic numbers would begin.

The candles and snuffers were distributed about the room, and Bessie, as hostess, opened the way. She told the story of the "Boston Tea-Party:" how the citizens of that city signed the total abstinence tea-pledge, even the old ladies, because the tea came from England and was unjustly taxed; and when the tea-ships were lying at anchor in their harbor one night, some of the patriots disguised themselves as Indians, and went aboard and made tea on a large scale by just emptying the chests overboard, and so turning Boston Harbor into a huge tea-pot. Bessie declared, neatly, in closing, that indignation was the fire which made it boil, and the steeping was sniffed by all the colonists.

A close observer might have noted an amused, somewhat startled, expression, which flitted from face to face as the subject progressed.

Little Graham was announced next. She arose and said, somewhat apologetically, that as her descent was from the city just named, and this was a tea-party, she had thought it would be eminently proper for her to write up the "Boston Tea-Party." She had, therefore, done it, but as it had once been read she would forbear reading hers. The chorus, however, insisted on hearing it, and so they had the story again with slight variations as to what the "first families" did for the cause.

The miss with the embroidered bodice and mutton-leg sleeves was next called out. She was quite spent with unseemly mirth, but managed to gasp out,

"Boston Tea-Party!"

This was too much. The dignity of the occasion fled at once, and they laughed and shouted in a wild chorus, until grandma, in the next room, declared that girls never acted like that to quiltin's in her day.

As one after another gathered breath it was only to give expression to the same mirth-provoking words. And truly, when they were calm enough to canvass the subject, they found that all but one timid girl, who wasn't prepared at all, had chosen the one subject, "Boston Tea-Party."

Some were prepared to tell the story. One had it written on tinted paper, another on perfumed note, while Mollie Bean had put it into jingling doggerel, not noticing how out of harmony it was with her cap and spectacles. But, then, Mollie hadn't much of an eye for harmonies anyway.

Of course, there couldn't be much quilting after that. Indeed, had it not been for grandma's patient toil, I fear the quilt would never have been finished to this day. Now, it is laid away in tea-leaves. Every block is eloquent, even to the burnt one where Mollie upset the candle on the announcement of the third subject, while every stitch is dear to Bessie's heart.

AN INCIDENT.

BY CHARLES K. BOLTON.

I.

Three men talked gayly on a west-bound train,
And laughing, now and then became profane.

II.

A little girl near by could hear them swear,
And blushed until her face was doubly fair.

III.

Then, rising from her seat, she softly went
To him who seemed the most irreverent,

IV.

And placed her pocket Bible in his hand;
The strong man colored at her reprimand.

V.

He ceased to talk, and scanned each field and scar,
Until they halted, when he left the car.

VI.

But soon he came with roses white and red,
And giving, kissed her, as he bowed and said:

VII.

"Good-bye, my child; I'll keep the book you give,
And read its pages long as I may live."

Cleveland, O.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ashore in Japan.

The monsoon was light as the *Scranton* steamed out of Hong-Kong harbor, and headed toward the north. In the Formosa Channel it freshened to a gale, and the light masts and yards were sent down, and the lower yards "pointed," so as to present as little resistance to the wind as possible. In seven days the picturesque islands and shores of Japan were sighted, and the ship came to anchor in the harbor of Nagasaki, one of the prettiest in the world. For an hour or two all hands were kept busy, shipping the ladders, securing the battery for port, unbending sail, etc. Meantime the usual official visits and salutes were exchanged.

As soon as all hands were "piped down," Rex began to study his surroundings. He had noted at intervals in his work the beauty of the land-locked bay and the delicious greenness of the lofty hills. He longed for the hour when he could set foot upon the shore, and feel that he was really treading the soil of a land which was associated in his mind with a fairy-like enchantment.

"A tight little harbor this," said Reddy, meeting him in the port gangway. "Hardly room enough here to swing a cat. At slack water a feller could jump ashore from the head booms."

"Not quite so bad as that," said Rex, laughing, "and yet it *is* cozy, and no mistake. Let's see! The harbor must be between three and four miles long, and nearly two wide, in some places."

"O, go 'long! What are ye givin' us? Do you take me for a marine?" remonstrated Reddy.

"But look for yourself? Count those ships ahead of us, and those astern. See how many are anchored abreast yonder, and calculate how much cable each must have paid out, and yet allow room to swing clear."

But Reddy refused to be convinced, and the conversation turned upon the hills which rise to a considerable height on both sides of the harbor. Reddy guessed that the highest were 2,000 feet in altitude; Rex, who had lived among mountains, did not think that any were higher than 1,200 feet, and his estimate subsequently proved to be correct.

The Temperance League held their meeting that evening. At the close the chaplain gave a little talk about Nagasaki, and warned those present of the temptations with which this port abounded.

"This is the worst place for giving liberty that we have on the station, my lads," he said. "In the foreign settlement the creek is lined on both sides with the vilest dens. Look out for the jinrikisha men! They are in league with the groggeries, and they will carry you straight to a rum-hole. Once there it will be hard to say 'no.' Make up your mind where you want to go before you touch the beach."

Rex rose in his seat. "Will you be kind enough, sir, to tell us what places it would be interesting for us to visit?"

"With pleasure. The foreign settlement at which you land will have but little to attract you. Keep to the north and you will soon reach in the valley the native town. There you can spend hours among the stores. Those of you who have a taste for temples will find plenty of them—both Buddhist and Shinto—on the hill-sides of the native town. For mountain climbers there are some splendid opportunities—Kompira-yama, Hikosan, Inasa-dake, or "Russian Hill," across the bay. Venus Hill, this low ridge on the east, where the American astronomers took their station for watching the transit of Venus some ten years ago, is an easy climb. If any one wants a straight-out seven miles' walk, there is the road that leads to Tokitsu, and a lovely road it is too."

"Will you oblige me by repeating the name of the first of the mountains which you mentioned?" Rex again asked.

"Kompira. It is the hill on which the Japanese have their famous kite-flying festival every year. It is the high summit at the north of the harbor. If you would like to spend a pleasant afternoon, leave the ship at one, and take a riksha to the foot of the hill. The ascent is easy, except the last two hundred feet. There are some fine views from the top—eastward, the Gotos, sixty miles away; northward, the bay of Omura; on the west, the bay of Shimobrara, while in front the harbor, with its inclosing hills, lies before you in charming outline. Coming down, you can visit the native town, and lunch at a tea-house. No foreigner is allowed, however, to spend the night in the native town. You must come back to the Concession. There are two or three hotels there and a Sailors' Institute."

"Are there any newspapers published here?" a sailor asked.

"Yes, one; a small one—"The Rising Sun"—twenty-five cents a copy. Papers are dear in the East. The Japs themselves, I will remark, have gone into the newspaper business with great ardor. About two thousand newspapers are published now in this empire, not one of which was in existence twenty-five years ago."

"Where is Pappenberg, sir," one of the apprentices inquired, "the place where the Christians were massacred?"

"I can tell you where the place is," the chaplain said, "but I am not sure about the story. The conical island on the left as we came in, standing by itself, is Pappenberg, but the Roman Catholic historians are silent about the massacre. Their most exhaustive work—"Histoire du Christianisme au Japan," by M. Charlevoix—contains no allusion to it. We shall have to regard it, I think, as a myth, like the story of Washington and his hatchet. Speaking of islands, it will be interesting for you to visit Deshima, at the head of the harbor. It isn't much of an island, but there are two mission churches there, and a bazar filled with choice specimens of Japanese porcelain and pottery. That is the island to which the Dutch were restricted before the treaty ports were opened. They used to have a tedious waiting in their island prison for the ship which used to come every year or two from Holland."

"What, sir, is that big building on the hill?" a sailor asked.

"The one with wings and verandas, facing south?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is the Girls' School of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There are about ninety Japanese girls under training there. Any further questions?"

As no one replied, the chaplain said: "I will give you some miscellaneous hints which may be useful: The piers at which you land are called *hatobas;* the little round stoves which you will find on the sampans and in the stores are called *hibaches;* the sampan coolie is called a *sendo;* the common salutation is a word pronounced like the name of our State Ohio; the common garment, resembling a dressing-gown, with wide flowing sleeves, worn by women and men alike, is called the *kimono;* the sash that goes round the waist is called an *obi.* I mention these words because you will hear them constantly. You will see a great many women with blackened teeth. This hideous custom indicates that they are married."

The meeting closed with the singing of the hymn, "Yield not to temptation."

Rex was detained on board a few days while the quarterly examinations for apprentices were being held. He got through all right, but poor Reddy came near "bilging" on several of the studies. Reddy did not take kindly to books.

They managed to get ashore together one fine afternoon. They felt like a pair of skittish colts.

"Let's have no plan to-day," said Rex. "I don't want to feel tied to any thing. Let's go where the fit takes us. What say you?"

"I'm in for any thing," Reddy declared, "from a fight to a foot-race."

"We'll try the foot-race first," Rex said, and off he started.

Reddy got ahead of him at first, but when they drew up, panting and shouting, nearly a mile from the landing, they were side by side.

They had gone up the road on one side of the creek, and found themselves in a dense Japanese settlement, not very clean. They returned to the bund on the other side of the creek. Here they came to a store with a sign over it—"B. H. Powers." They went in and found groceries, dry-goods, liquors, tobacco—a sort of variety store. Rex, who had a sweet tooth, bought some vanilla chocolate. At Hooper's "Medical Hall," which was the next door, Rex picked out a tooth-brush; Reddy tantalized his friend by pricing violet powder and mustache wax, and trying on various shades of smoked glasses. Their next stop was at the "China and Japan Trading Company," where Reddy got interested in some copies of the Seaside Library, and Rex bought for himself a memorandum and pencil. The clerk was very polite. He waited upon them to the door, as they went out.

On the threshold both the lads perceived a strange but pleasant odor in the air.

"Is that nutmeg?" Rex asked of the clerk.

"Or sassafras?" Reddy suggested.

"Neither," said the clerk; "it's camphor. There are a great many camphor trees here, and they saw them into boards on the street back of us."

They went to find the place, but it was walled in and they could see nothing.

The native town was not far away, and when they entered it they found themselves in a labyrinth filled with all sorts of curious things. There were stores stocked with lacquered goods in a most bewildering variety; there were fine displays of crockery and vases; in one interior—and they were all open to the street—workmen were busy at artistic designs in tortoise-shell; in another, beautiful embroideries were being wrought in gold and bright colors. There were candy shops and toy shops, and clothing shops, and shops where baskets, and straw sandals, and wooden clogs were sold, and hardware stores, and indeed stores filled with all sorts of things. None of them were large, none were painted. Back of them, and in the story overhead, the family of the store-keeper evidently lived.

In one store they came across some *okoshi* rice, parched and sugared like the corn-balls at home, which they tasted and approved. Reddy offered a five-cent coin, and got in return a piece as big as a brick. He gave the most of it to a little beggar girl who was following them.

"What tiny buildings these are," said Rex, "and how unsubstantial! Just see these partitions—the thinnest lattice-work, with nothing but paper pasted over them."

"How a New York burglar would snicker to see these shaving-houses!" said Reddy. "No use for jimmies here! No safes to crack!"

"'T wouldn't take much of a fire to sweep the whole town clean in an hour," said Rex.

"Barnum ought to come here for his dwarfs," Reddy remarked. "I'm blest if I've seen any thing but pygmies yet. Just see that woman! I'll bet she could walk under my arm if I held it out, without touchin' her hair. I don't believe she weighs more'n fifty pounds."

"And don't they dress funny! They all look as though they had been to take a bath, and had thrown a wrap around them to go home in."

"It don't cost much to dress here," said Reddy, "that's a fact."

"And did you ever see such manners? Look at those women bowing to one another—what a profound salaam! See them smile, and hear them talk! I've heard somebody say that the Japs are the best-mannered people in the world—far ahead of the French even."

As they passed Narabyashi's curio-store, Rex looked up and saw something which fascinated his attention. Then he and Reddy went in and up stairs. An English sailor from the *Champion* was sitting near the window, with his arm bare, upon which a serpent had been outlined in India-ink and vermilion, and an old Japanese, wearing a pair of glasses, was pricking in the design. The sailor nodded to the *Scranton* lads, and didn't seem at all averse to their inspecting the work. He told them that they did this sort of work very nicely in Nagasaki, and that the present operator was quite an expert.

"Did it hurt much?"

"O no, except in some places where the skin is tender."

He remarked that there would be some inflammation later on, but it wouldn't last long.

Rex walked up and down the room in an excited way. A struggle was going on in his mind. He had no tattooing on his person, and it had always seemed to him a weakness; but yet it was a weakness to which he felt strongly tempted, and never more so than now. Nearly all the sailors on board of the *Scranton* were marked in various ways. He had seen once a startling design on a man's arm—a dagger which seemed to go through the flesh to the hilt, and where the point came through the drops of blood looked so real. He had often thought that if he should submit to this sort of thing he

would like a design like that; and this Jap wouldn't make a botch of it, he would do excellent work if any. And then other designs occurred to him—the flag floating from the mast-head—how pretty that would look!—and the foul anchor!

He was standing before a suit of ancient Japanese armor, pretending to look at it, but he was not looking at it. He heard a movement and looked around. Old Narabyashi had brought up the usual hospitality of a cup of tea, and was serving it on a table near by. The English sailor had risen from his chair, and was showing his arm to Reddy. The work was splendidly done. The serpent appeared to entwine the arm, its open fangs just ready to fasten upon the flesh. Reddy, who was already tattooed all over like a South Sea islander, began to take off his shoes and stockings.

"What are you going to do?" Rex asked.

"Give my tootsy-footsies a benefit."

There wasn't much room for it, but the artist found space for a butterfly on the right instep, and a star on the left. He quickly sketched these, and then complied with Reddy's suggestion, and put the word "Jack" in a semi-circle around the butterfly, and "Reddy" around the star.

"What if you were to fall overboard and get one of your legs snapped off by a shark?" Rex inquired.

"I'm not a tumblin' overboard," Reddy replied; "but if I do, and one of them pirates gets too close for comfort, I'll offer him 'Jack,' but not 'Reddy.' "

Just then another Japanese came in, who proved to be a sort of partner with the artist, for, after exchanging a few words, he began to work at the design on the left foot.

Rex fidgeted for a few moments, and then remarked that he had a great mind to have some work done upon himself. Reddy said nothing. He cherished a deep respect for Rex, and regarded him as superior to all the common weaknesses. Somehow he did not like the idea of his friend being tattooed. It was well enough for himself—he was a nobody. He had had no bringing up. But Rex was made of finer clay. He had shown hitherto no cheap vanities. So Reddy held his tongue.

His silence nettled Rex. He wanted a bit of encouragement, and got none. He toyed for a moment with a book of designs. Suddenly his eye rested on the very sketch he had once admired—the fleshed dagger. He came to a decision at once.

"Can you do that?" he asked one of the men.

"Can do," was the reply.

Rex bared his arm to the shoulder.

"When you are through with Reddy," he said, and then proceeded to look further at the designs. There was a goddess of liberty, a ship, an eagle, an anchor, a fish, a flag, etc. He quietly selected three other designs to be put on at his leisure.

It took about an hour to complete the work for both. Before it was finished they were both chattering at a lively rate.

"Let's each don a suit of this old armor, and play that we are shoguns, and go out on an adventure!" said Rex. "Wouldn't we make a sensation going back on board ship in such a rig!"

"Good!" said Reddy, "and when we hand in our passes to the officer of the deck, we'll strike up,

" 'I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my hoss on pork and beans.' "

The armor, they found, cost too much for them to indulge their vagary, even had they been in earnest about it. When they reached the street, however, they were ripe for mischief.

Reddy bought a Japanese sun-shade, and insisted upon carrying it opened. He could simulate the behavior of a drunken man with great success, and he began to do this now in spite of Rex's laughing protestations. A crowd began to follow them, and appeared to be highly entertained.

"Pipe down, Reddy," said Rex, "or they'll think we *are* drunk."

But instead of piping down, Reddy behaved worse. He tipped his cap back, staggered, talked in maudlin fashion, tried to embrace Rex, and every now and then would turn around to the crowd and ejaculate *Ohio*. An unfortunate stump-tailed cat happened to cross their path; he made a sudden charge upon the cat in such a grotesque fashion that shouts of laughter went up all around.

"You silly jackanapes," said Rex, "you'll have the whole town after you, if you don't stop this nonsense."

Suddenly a policeman appeared on the scene. He came up to Reddy and said something to him in Japanese. Reddy straightened up immediately, but he had the effrontery to carry on his mischief.

"Be you the gineral of militia in this here town?" he asked. "Cos, if you be, I'm quite willin' to show you that I know a trick or two;" and he began gravely to go through the manual with his sun-shade, giving the orders himself: "Shoulder—arms!" "Carry—arms!" "Present—arms!" "Order—arms!" etc.

Every order was executed with the utmost precision. The policeman began to smile. Suddenly Reddy uttered a "Whoop!" like a wild Indian, an awful, blood-curdling yell, and swinging the parasol in close proximity to the policeman's head, let it go at the right moment, and it went flying over one of the houses. Then he made a profound bow to the policeman, flung his cap to Rex, motioned to the crowd to let him pass, and turned himself into a wheel, using his hands and feet as spokes, and flinging himself over and over. Rex hastened after him.

"Well, you precious monkey, are you through with your circus?" he asked, as he caught up.

"You bet!" said Reddy. "Let's get out o' this!" They jumped into jinrikishas, and soon left the crowd behind.

The coolies, receiving no direction where to go, took them to the entrance of Suwa Temple, a place much visited by foreigners.

Up long flights of stone steps they climbed, and passing under the *torii* and through the gate-way, reached an open court, where they found a bronze horse, several stone lanterns, and a lavatory. The temple appeared to be deserted. It consisted of three modern structures, connected together, the two in the rear raising higher than the one in front. In the grounds adjoining they came across some tea-houses, as Japanese restaurants are called; and on the brow of the hill they caught a view of the harbor and the native town, which startled them with its beauty.

"I do think this is one of the loveliest sights I ever saw," said Rex. "How gray and quaint the town looks, and how green the hills, terraced to the top. And did you ever see such a gem of a harbor?"

Reddy and Rex spent a pleasant hour, and then came down the hill by a different path from which they went up.

But we have not space to tell all that they saw and did that first visit ashore in Japan. At the Sailor's Institute they got a good supper, and, shortly after dark, returned to the ship, somewhat tired, but delighted with their afternoon experience.

[*To be continued.*]

A VISIT TO BISHOP ASBURY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

BY MARSHALL OWENS.

I VISITED in West Bromwich, England, in July last, an aged and interesting couple of Methodists, interesting because of their slight association with "the second man in Methodist history," as Dr. Dixon says—the Rev. Francis Asbury, first Bishop consecrated in America.

I came to know of them through attending the jubilee serv-

ices of the "Wesley Chapel," or, as we should say of a sanctuary that seats two thousand persons, Wesley Church. But call the sacred place by whatever name you may, it is to me one of the dearest spots on earth, for at its altar I found Christ.

The meeting was a large and an influential one; every hymn they sang was, as far as possible, one that the fathers used. The Rev. Richard Roberts, now President of the British Conference, preached on the previous Sabbath, and among the other speakers were the Rev. Mr. Greaves, now ex-President of the Conference, and Professor F. W. Macdonald, who visited our General Conference in 1884 as a delegate. In the course of the meeting an historical paper was read by a Mr. Hall, giving an account of the origin and development of Methodism in West Bromwich (about 60,000 inhabitants), and it appeared that the Rev. Francis Asbury was one of the first class-leaders, his home being only some two and a half miles away. Perhaps this fact made no such impression on any other person present as on myself; for to have something like a worthy estimate of the character and life of the good Bishop one must come and see and study the Methodism of the "Western World," of which he was the principal founder.

Perhaps it was the next day that I was in conversation with one of the members, Mr. George Sherwell, and learned of this aged couple as being in possession of the watch, given as a keepsake by the Rev. Francis Asbury to his mother in 1771, when coming to America.

I said to myself, "I must find these persons and see this great relic." I did find them, poor and old, yet comfortable, living in the Almshouses in Herbert Street, built by good Methodists, John Sylvester, Esq., and his sister.

I asked, after saying "Good-morning" to the old man who opened the door, "Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Cutler?"

"You have. Will you come in?"

I thanked him, walking in.

He looked at me inquisitively, and then said, "Are you the young man that preached in 'Wesley' on Sunday morning?"

"Yes, sir; I tried to preach there on Sunday morning last."

"I thought I was right—sit down. I am always glad to see a Methodist preacher. Sit down, sir!"

"Thank you. Mr. Cutler, I understand you have a relic of one of the very greatest of Methodist preachers?"

"Yes, sir; I have Asbury's watch, and they seem to think a great deal of it."

His voice being a little husky I could scarcely hear all he said. And then followed what I wished for, an invitation to see, which meant perhaps to actually handle, it.

"Would you like to see it?" and rising with the dignity of an old king he walked slowly across the room to "the place of honor." Why not a little show of importance? for he had something to show as a Methodist to a Methodist, of which he might well feel a little proud.

His wife then said, "He has taken to wind it up of late, and it keeps as good time as if it were new. We took it to Fisher's (the watchmaker's)—he wanted to see it. He said, 'They don't make them half so strong nowadays.'"

He then, coming toward me, said, "Be sure you don't drop it," and put the treasure into my hands. I think I held it more firmly than I had need to do. I thought afterward it was well that it was so strong. I could not have been in manner like Mark Twain at Genoa. I was surprised and gratified.

"Yes," said the old friend, "two gentlemen, a short time ago, were here from Birmingham trying to get me to say what it was worth, but I told them I should have to be *very* poor before I sold it. That good man, John Skidmore, whenever he comes, after preaching, says, 'Let me see Asbury's watch once more.'"

I lost some things the old man said, for while he was talking I was carried away in a dream, in which I saw the Methodist Conference at Bristol—Mr. Wesley reading a letter from America—a young preacher—a parting scene—a son's last farewell—a keepsake—a ship at sea—St. George's, Philadelphia—multitudes. The keepsake checked my dream. I looked up and talked awhile, still holding the old watch. He then told me how it came into his possession:

"Mr. Holyhead was a farmer living near old Mr. Asbury's, and a good friend of theirs. Mrs. Asbury left the watch with him. He afterward married my sister. They gave it, after Mrs. Asbury's death, to my brother, and on his dying bed he gave it to me. He thought more of it than I do, if possible. You know it was at Mr. Holyhead's house that 'Frankie,' as his mother called him, 'preached his first sermon.'"

We all were deeply interested, but it was time to go. I was being tempted. After sundry bows, smiles, and adjectives, intended to show my thankfulness, I left the old friends and the relic.

I remember having read from "Travels in Europe," by Dr. Fisk, that the doctor said: "At Kingswood we were shown Mr. Wesley's gown, now almost hanging in shreds, which I had the curiosity to put on. The association was almost inspiring." I am afraid the "new affection" that came to me at seeing the Bishop's watch was one, to say the least, that made me sadly amenable to the New Jersey Conference, for it was instead of curiosity one of covetousness.

As I walked away, I looked over the park to within a few yards of the birthplace of the great itinerant preacher. The brown-stone work in the shade of the large trees to the right is Sandwell Hall, the residence of the Earl of Dartmouth, the recent donor of the beautiful "public park." Yes, said I, the memory of Bishop Asbury, as well as the place of his birth, will be fragrant and beautiful forever. But let us not forget that the earl of that day was friendly toward "esteemed Gospel ministers," his seat being their frequent resort, and we are not sure but what the books, among them Whitefield's and Cennick's Sermons, which the young Asbury read until he "became deeply serious," came from the earl's book-shelf. His introduction to literature was a good one; a vastly important step in the life of every person.

A little farther, and more to the left, stood the old schoolhouse where Asbury went to learn from a too-strict teacher, and near by the sacred barn in which he was brought, as he says, "to Jesus Christ, who graciously justified my guilty soul, through faith in his precious blood." Just about this time the boys began to call him "Methodist parson." After a few months he began to go with his mother to a meeting of women to read the Scriptures and to "venture a word of exhortation. . . . Thus began my Gospel efforts when a lad." And when he was not more than seventeen years of age he was made class-leader at West Bromwich.

Henry Foxall, his master's son, was a warm friend of his, and was often seen going to "meeting" with Asbury, though he was not converted until they were parted by land and by sea. But soon, perhaps a few years, the two friends met again, though far from their native "village green." Foxall was now a "local preacher," residing in Georgetown, near Washington. Here he became wealthy. If the two old friends did not meet very often to sing together "Auld Lang Syne," they did meet sometimes, and as a result Mr. Foxall built a Methodist church in Washington, and called it the "Foundry Church," after the old "Foundry" of London.

But a more noteworthy friend of Asbury's youth was one whom he met some three miles from West Bromwich—the Rev. Richard Whatcoat, who was a fellow class-leader and soon afterward his brother Bishop in America, and a "faithful friend for forty years." He was a most saintly man, and his name always reminds me of that of the Vicar of Madeley.

About two miles in the opposite direction from Wednesbury, the town from which Bishop Whatcoat came, stands the beautiful "Asbury Memorial Chapel," containing the fine oil painting of Bishop Asbury, and a half-mile or so farther the Methodist College at Handsworth, both recently erected.

"FOR THE TIME BEING."

"For the time being!"
How long is that? A space as brief
As takes the whirling autumn leaf
To reach the sward, the April flake
To change to dew, the wave to break
Now shoreward fleeing?

"For the time being!"
How long is that? As long, perchance,
As while a merry thought doth glance
Across the deep and well-loved eyes?
As long as term of tears and sighs,
The full heart freeing?

"For the time being!"
How long is that? I wait to hear,
A breathing space, a day, a year?
Till this life's silent bounds be won,
And other unknown life begun
Past sound, past seeing?

"For the time being!"
Is it forever, as I think,
A ceaseless adding, link to link,
A series, as of waves at sea;
For, tell me, when shall time not be,
In Fate's decreeing?

"For the time being!"
(It is thy word.) Thou dost not know.
Such promise will not let thee go;
Since time shall never cease to be,
I ask but this—that thou'lt love me
"For the time being!"

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

THE SUNDAY MORNING NEWSPAPER.

BY R. S. HOLMES.

I WANT to say one earnest word to the scholars and their teachers, and to the young people and their parents who read OUR YOUTH, concerning the Sunday morning newspaper. It is said by those who defend it, that it is the latest advance in journalism, that it has come to stay, that it meets a long-felt public want, and that it is less an offense against the Sabbath than the Monday morning issue, since it is made up entirely during the week, and requires no Sunday work in its issue.

Let us treat this question with candor, and examine these claims. Is it an advance in journalism? I confess I am unable to see in what particulars. It has not tended to change the character or raise the standard of the daily paper which issues from the same press. On the contrary, it follows the lines of the daily and invites our thought to consider business, pleasure, music, art, and the drama of both high and low life. It spreads before our eyes the fact or fancy of yesterday, with its passion, crime, falsehood, war, deceit, lust, accident, danger, robbery, and outrage. It is only a seventh issue of the daily press. It tends to no elevation of national, social, or individual standards. It makes no advance in the dissemination of elevated political or religious ideas, but simply caters to popular taste, that it may itself be popular and profitable.

Has it come to stay? Doubtless. "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true." While the Sunday issue of a single American city is numbered by hundreds of thousands, it will be permanent because profitable. But permanence can in no sense be considered a test of worth. And even this characteristic would be at the best doubtful if the church-going, Sabbath-loving public would close its doors upon this Sunday visitor, and wield its aggressive power against its entrance into those homes over which it has influence.

Does it meet a long-felt public want? What want? Not the want for news surely. The weary citizen of high or low degree is only too glad to escape for one day of the week from the eternal din of the world. Not the want for rest. The paper is filled with the very spirit of unrest. Not the want for change of thought from the ordinary current of daily life. That current flows with undiminished volume through the channels opened by the Sunday paper. Not the want for religious or educational food. That want has been long and well supplied by the religious press. What want does it supply? Can you think of any? I can think of none, except it be the craving which so many of us feel over and over, ever and evermore, for something new to catch the eye and thought and divert it as often as the leisure moment comes; and this is appetite—the same in character as that which sways the poor victim of stimulants of whatever kind.

Is it less an offense against the Sabbath than the Monday morning issue? Perhaps it may be as far as typographical work is concerned, since the work upon it is done during week-day hours. But the Monday morning paper is not thereby superseded in the interest of Sabbath observance. And that this latter paper can appear on Monday morning, fresh, and crisp, and sparkling, without an hour of Sunday labor, I know from practical acquaintance with the methods of one good daily paper.

Let us look at the other side of the question. I have four charges to bring against this new-comer in the field of journalism.

1. *It is a Sunday paper.* It claims to be nothing else. It is put upon the market only upon Sunday. Special trains carry it long distances into the country on every Sunday morning, thereby compelling so much, at least, of absolutely unnecessary labor. It is sold on the streets and from the stands on Sunday morning. It is delivered by messenger at private houses on Sunday morning. The class of persons employed in this work is composed almost entirely of our youth, who are thereby receiving thorough training in practical want of respect for the Sabbath; and the evil influences about this class are already more in number and power than the Church finds it easy to combat. It brings the Sabbath down to the level of any other day of the week, and with its wide-open page overshadows, even in the Christian home, book, religious paper, and Bible.

2. *It is a morning paper.* I do not believe a Sunday evening paper would find sale enough to pay the cost of the paper for the issue. It is by our table at breakfast. It takes the first fresh thought of the Sabbath morning. The hour for church service comes. There has been no time left from the perusal of the paper for devout thought in preparation for the sacred service of praise and prayer. Old people and young alike have read it. And we go to our places in church with the last bit of society gossip or scandal, or the details of the last terrible crime, filling our thoughts. Such influence must necessarily deaden piety, and chill spiritual growth.

3. *It is a newspaper.* It is therefore worldly. Now there are certain things which are true. No matter how forgotten, or how made light of, they are true. One of these is that God ordered the Sabbath for man as a day for holy rest and communion with himself. The Sunday newspaper is directly hostile to this order. It spreads before its readers the unrest and the wickedness of this restless, wicked world. It brings no aid to one who would "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In so far as its influence can go, it makes the Sunday morning like any other morning, and by so much lowers the standard of the Christian home into which it gains an entrance.

4. *It is felt by thoughtful men to be an "influence insidiously seductive for the demoralization of our Christian households."* The parochial letter lately prepared by Dr. Howard Crosby, and the twelve elders of his session, and placed in the hands

of every member of his church, is the first protest publicly made which we have seen. The religious press has occasionally sounded a note of warning. A literary weekly recently gave place to an extended article carefully analyzing the contents of the six leading Sunday newspapers of New York, and drawing a most suggestive inference from their character as to their possible influence. There can be no question but such is the general direction of the sober thought of the hour. To aid such thought especially among our youth has been the purpose of this paper. That it may effect it, and may succeed in closing some doors upon this enemy, is the writer's earnest hope.

THE COKE INDUSTRY.

BY R. T. WILEY.

I.

LYING near the Monongahela coal region, yet not properly in the Monongahela Valley, is the Connellsville coke region, so called because the town of Connellsville is its geographical and industrial center, and it was here that the coke-making industry, which in recent years has grown to such wonderful proportions in this region, had its beginning. The "coke-basin" is a strip of country about forty miles long, and averaging three miles in width, and is wholly within the limits of Fayette and Westmoreland Counties, Pennsylvania. It extends in a practically straight line from north-east to south-west in direction, skirting the western base of the Appalachian Mountain system.

This gives a key to the whole of the geology of Pennsylvania west of the mountains. The strata are found to lie in a succession of depressions and elevations of singular uniformity, like great waves, and extending in parallel lines with the mountain ranges to the east of them. The crests of these "waves" in the rocky crust of old earth are from three to five miles apart, and are called by geologists anticlinal axes; the line of greatest depression between two such ridges is the synclinal axis. But it should be understood that this formation is in the rocky strata below, while the surface, through other agencies than those which brought about this form, may be found broken up into hills and valleys, without any correspondence to these inclinations; thus we have already found the slightly inclined coal seams cropping out on the hillsides bordering the Monongahela.

The theory advanced by geologists to account for this formation is in harmony with the generally accepted theory of scientists, that the earth in its primitive state was a molten mass. This fiery ball through a long succession of ages gradually cooled until a solid crust formed on the surface, and this on cooling further, as the internal fires receded from it, contracted, in accordance with well-known physical laws. Of necessity there would be a *folding up* of the crust at its weakest points, and this we have in the mountain ranges found in various parts of the earth, and which nearly always exist in parallel ridges. Their structure is found to sustain the theory, being always in the form of an upheaval, or literal folding of the strata forming the earth's crust. The difference between a mountain and a hill would be thought, on a cursory view, to be one of size only. The essential difference is really one of structure, the ordinary hill gaining its form through external agencies, while the mountain is formed by internal forces causing an upheaval. The forces operating in the great upheavals would naturally produce at the same time the parallel wrinkles (if the term be allowed) which we find existing.

If the foregoing be thought a digression from the main subject in hand, the reader will perhaps be the more ready to pardon it for having acquired a clearer idea than perhaps would otherwise have been had of the particular coal-bed whose product will be treated of in the few succeeding chapters.

Nature's marvels are by no means the least of those in this region of marvels. Nor need the younger reader be disturbed over what may seem an upsetting of cherished beliefs concerning the earth, derived from God's inspired record. Men of deep piety and profound learning are finding every day in the revelations of science new proofs of the truth of the Scripture record, and an entire harmony between ascertained *facts* in science and the Mosaic record of the creation.

In such a trough as those above described lies the body of coal known as the Connellsville coking coal basin. The coal lies in a seam from four to six feet in thickness, and in quality is very soft. On being mined it crumbles into a fine mass, and is brought out thus to undergo the process of coking, a description of which will have to be deferred for another chapter. Three distinct methods of mining are practiced in the coke region—the drift mine driven into the side of a hill, as along the Monongahela, the slope mine, and the vertical shaft where the coal seam dips low. The machinery employed in bringing the coal to the surface is similar to that in the river region, with necessary modifications in cases of shafts or slopes.

A GOOD PLACE FOR SWIMMING LESSONS.

THE following extract reminds one of Mark Twain's adventures on our Great Salt Lake. It is a pity that those who are afraid of the water could not begin by taking a bath like that described in this paragraph:

Greatly relieved and refreshed, we pursued our journey. As we came in sight of the Dead Sea we noticed that peculiar hazy appearance of the atmosphere, reminding us of Indian summer in our own country, and we found ourselves subject to that singular optical illusion sometimes produced by a very transparent and highly rarefied atmosphere, in which distant objects appear quite near. At a certain point, when we were some five miles distant, it seemed as if we were within half a mile of the shore. Reaching at length this most remarkable of all the seas and lakes on our globe, we prepared to take a bath—and such a bath I can hardly expect ever to take again. I had previously bathed in numerous seas, lakes, and rivers, but never did I enjoy such a bath as this. The specific gravity of the water is such, from its holding in solution so large a proportion of salts (twenty-six and a half per cent.), that one floats upon the surface like a cork. At the time there was only a gentle ripple upon the sea, and, being a good swimmer, I at once struck out into deep water. I soon found that I could not only swim and float with wonderful ease, but that I could actually walk in the water, sinking only to the arm-pits. Discovering this fact, I made for the shore, and taking Dr. C., one of our party, who could not swim, by the hand, led him out into the sea where the water was many fathoms deep. At first he was quite reluctant to follow me, but he soon gained confidence on finding there was no danger of sinking, and he enjoyed the novel bath as much as if he had been an expert swimmer.

ANOTHER DYNAMITE SCHEME.

DYNAMITE has gained a prominent place in naval warfare, but soldiers and hunters have not as yet looked upon this destructive agent with much favor.

The following anecdote, for which the "Denver News" is responsible, suggests a possible use of dynamite in hunting large game:

When I saw the bear it was evident that he had not yet discovered my presence. He was shuffling along at an easy gait, apparently perfectly familiar with the path. I did not dare to run on the narrow ledge, but I did some of the fastest walking that I knew how, and had soon gained a fair lead on the grizzly. I began to hope that I would come safely out of the difficulty, and was further encouraged by the fact that the ledge appeared to be slightly wider as I advanced. In rounding a sharp curve, however, you may imagine my consternation when I saw the ledge suddenly terminate not twenty feet in front of me in a cavern, unquestionably the habitation of the bear. Above the wall rose straight hundreds of feet, and below there was empty space. The bear had made a nice selection of a home, I saw at a glance, and he would find here, right at his very door, a meal in me, provided I could do nothing to avert the catastrophe.

My mind became strangely inactive. The events of my past life did not pass in review before me. It may have been on account of the lack of space, but it is much more likely that it was due to the greater interest attaching to the incident in which I was soon to take a prominent part.

I tried hard to think of some way out of the dilemma, and came so near finding nothing to base any hope on that I almost lost my presence of mind. I did not, however. I thought of every thing I had about me, with a view of using it for my defense. I had eight pounds of candles, a jack-knife, and a lead pencil. It occurred to me that if I

had sufficient candles I might feed the bear for awhile until I could induce him to feel that he was in a condition for hibernating, but I would not be more than able to whet his appetite with what I had. The jack-knife and lead-pencil were dismissed without a moment's thought. The dynamite suggested possibilities. I hit upon a plan. Taking half a dozen sticks of dynamite, I thrust them in among the candles, and hastily retracing my steps around the corner, I placed a charge of candles and dynamite in the path of the approaching bear. The latter was but a few yards away, but appeared to be wrapped in such a brown study that he did not notice my action. Then I again retreated around the the curve, and withdrew myself into the bear's cavern to await developments. I did not have long to wait. In less than five seconds after I entered the cave the mountain shook as though in an earthquake, and I knew that I had succeeded. The bear had evidently tried to eat the candles, and found them too much for him. I rushed out to see the result of my strategy. There was little to be seen, however. A tuft of hair here, and a splash of bear's greese there, a splinter of bone or two, and the end of the bear could only be guessed.

A PRAIRIE HAILSTORM.

TRAVELERS in the Indian country of Dakota have called it a monotonous region. But Helen Ludlow's descriptions of those fertile plains dispel the thought that the country is uninteresting. There is nothing commonplace about the description of a hailstorm which she writes to the "Boston Journal:"

The "monotony" of our drive home was further relieved by a magnificent thunder-storm which we had watched and waited for a couple of hours at the Farm School, and were finally overtaken by at the last Indian houses we should pass before reaching the agency. The gathering darkness of night and storm, rising wind and lightning flashing as only this out West lightning can, in great double arches across a quarter of the sky, called a halt. On a low butt above his house an old Indian was posing, his tall form in gigantic relief, his blanket and long hair flapping and streaming in the wind; one hand raised above his head, he faced each quarter of the heavens in turn, praying for mercy to the four winds. Seeing us he came immediately down from his devotions to offer the hospitality of his house, like the saint of old who left the heavenly vision in his cell to minister to the strangers at his gate—let us hope he had corresponding reward. We gladly hurried to the shelter he offered us in his new unoccupied house, while the women of the family, dressed all in white, flitted in and out of the door like spirits of the storm. The flashes and peals grew more vivid and frequent. There came a dash of rain. Then we heard the old medicine man's voice outside shouting "Wasoo! wasoo!"—Hail! hail! We rushed to the door to listen to what I shall never forget—the sound of a hailstorm, not falling, but passing by high in the air—a strange, awful, continuous roar, more like wind than thunder, but with a ringing sound unlike either, all its terrible own—the ice stones hurtling and shrieking along on their errand of doom. Five minutes more and the stars were shining clear in the path of the storm. We thanked our hospitable heathen, and, glad that his fields were spared this time, took our own way home. Next day news came of the devastation caused in other places, and two days afterward the hailstones were seen lying unmelted in the deep ravines.

HEALTH NOTES.

MOST rules for losing health begin with the injunction, First catch your cold. The "Philadelphia Times" has made a study of this matter and gives the following directions for catching the hardest cold in the quickest manner. We have tried several of the methods without a single failure. Remember them:

Sit in a street-car next to an open window.

Leave off your heavy underclothing on a mild October day.

Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air.

Let the boys romp at school during recess time without their hats.

Sit in a barber-shop in your shirt sleeves while waiting to be shaved.

Wear your light-weight summer hosiery through October and November.

Put on a pair of thin shoes in the evening when you go to call upon your friends.

Fail to change your shoes and stockings after coming in on a very rainy day.

Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather.

Throw your overcoat open on a blustering winter day to show off your nice new necktie.

Send the children out in autumn for exercise in short, thin stockings and skimpy skirts.

Leave off your rough overcoat when you go driving, and wear your nice thin one to look well.

Go to the front door in a cobweb dress, and linger, bidding good-night to your callers.

Take a hot bath in the evening and sit up in your room to finish the last pages of an exciting novel.

Throw off your heavy coat when you reach the office in a hurry and put on your thin knock-about.

Go down to breakfast without a wrap on a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started.

Put the window of your sleeping room up before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed.

Run a square to catch a street-car and take off your hat for a few moments to cool off when you catch it.

Do your back hair up high when you have been accustomed to wear it low and go out on a windy day.

Take a long bicycle ride and stand for awhile describing and showing off the beauties of your machine.

Come in from a rapid gallop on horseback and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or ten minutes.

Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth.

THE OLD LADY'S WILL.

THERE are few things more disgusting than the sight of a group of anxious persons gathered about the bedside of a sick relative, waiting for the last breath in order that they may learn the contents of the will. And there is a certain grim satisfaction in reading the story of one such company of expectant "friends" who were led on a wild goose chase after a fortune by the whim of an estimable English lady. The "Manchester Times" reports the circumstance:

In the year 1803 there died at Bath a lady who had amassed considerable money. On the inside of her pillow slip was pinned a note, which ran thus:

"I have made a will. If you would be rich find it."

There was something charming in this idea. The old lady must have been of a humorous turn of mind. No doubt she often pictured to herself her young and aged relations, male and female alike, in pursuit of this phantom fortune. Carpets would be ripped up, the contents of cushions and beds scattered about the floor, the wall-paper torn down, the garden dug up, and in fact every thing turned topsy-turvy. The story goes that the search went on night and day for a week, each party being anxious, naturally enough, to find the will, when, just as the search was about to be given up in disgust, the document was found tightly sewn inside the skin of the lady's wig. Then the family gathered together to hear it read. It consisted of one clause, and that was to the effect "that the finder of this, in consideration of his labor and good luck in finding it, shall have the sum of one penny a day for his natural life, the rest of my property to go to charities named below." Here the story ends. Nothing is said about the feelings of the will-seekers, which is disappointing, for there is as grand scope here for the pen of the novelist as there is for the brush of the painter.

SPONGING IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE common sponge of our bath-rooms is not a highly developed member of the great fish family, and for real sport sponge fishing does not compare with trouting. The governor of the Bahama Islands, writing to the "Fortnightly Review," gives a clear and interesting account of sponging in his territories:

From October to July the sponging season is in full swing. There are over five thousand men and boys engaged in the fishery, each schooner carrying a crew of five to seven. The sponges are found all over the banks, which vary in depth from two to four fathoms. The fishing is managed on the share system, the crew being thus directly interested in the success of the voyage, which lasts about six weeks. Arrived on the ground, the small boats, of which each schooner carries two or three, put off, manned each by two men, one of whom sculls, while the other, armed with a thirty-foot pole, bearing at the end a double hook, lies extended over the bow, and examines the bottom through a "sponge-glass," or bucket with a glass bottom. Laying this upon the surface, every thing below is seen as clearly as if no water intervened. Even in fifteen and twenty fathoms the bottom can be clearly seen and examined. The sponges when found are hooked up by the armed pole, and as soon as the schooner's deck is filled she sails away to a "ranche," where she deposits her now evil-smelling load in a "crawl," or inclosure of wattles in shallow water, where it remains for a fortnight, during which the crew are fishing for a fresh cargo. On their return all hands enter the crawl and beat out the now rotted fleshy part of the sponge, which, when first gathered, presents the appearance of a round mass of dark india rubber freely perforated. When the fleshy part has been thoroughly removed and the marketable skeleton washed, the heap is laid on shore in a secluded spot, while the lot that has taken its place remains in the crawl, and the schooner starts again for the sponge banks. At length enough has been gathered and cleaned to load the vessel, when the sponges are sorted by the crew into glove, reef, lamb's wool, grass, etc., and each kind separately strung in rings of from one to two dozen. In this way they are sold by auction in the sponge exchange, when the first step of the preparation for the consumer is carried out by the sponge merchants. The sponges are exposed to the sun to improve the color. They are then clipped and all irregularities and pieces of shell or rock removed by the clipper, and once out of his hands they are, so far as the Bahama sponge merchant is concerned, ready to be pressed into bales and exported.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THE arguments in favor of the restriction of Chinese immigration which have appeared in recent issues of OUR YOUTH are based upon: 1. The personal and social character and influence of the Chinese, they being, according to the representations of the "affirmative," corrupt, idolatrous, filthy, and licentious—the lowest of the race. 2. The financial policy of these immigrants—working as they do for wages so low as to render competition by intelligent and educated labor impossible, and their earnings, instead of being used in America, forwarded for investment in China. 3. The political allegiance of American Chinese is given to their own and not to our country. 4. The disturbing influence of their presence on our own loyal laboring classes, who insist upon America and her privileges for American citizens, whether native or adopted.

THE negative arguments are based upon: 1. The inoffensive, industrious, and economical character and habits of the Chinese, they being better than their reputation, having been misrepresented by low foreigners, communists, and dynamiters, their opium habits having been forced upon them by Christian England. 2. The financial advantages of their presence—the benefits of trade with China far more than compensating for the money sent from America to China. 3. The abstract right, according to American theories, of every man to go where he pleases. 4. The missionary opportunity afforded by unrestricted Chinese immigration—relieving over-crowded China, on one hand, rescuing her population from "heathen laws" and practices, and giving Christians a chance to teach in Sunday-schools and elsewhere the doctrine of the Gospel of Christ.

THE question under discussion is not, "Shall the United States in good faith keep every clause and every item embodied in her treaty with China?" To this there is only one answer: Violation of treaty is inexcusable, and when justified, directly or indirectly, under pressure of partisan politics, is contemptible, and should excite the indignation of every honorable American. There is a fair and square way out of a treaty. It may be annulled by mutual consent. It is a burning disgrace to our country and to our rulers that we have allowed so many of the violators of this treaty to go unhung or unwhipped.

THE question is not, "Shall Chinese immigration be absolutely forbidden?" Restriction is not prohibition. Shall we say to the Chinese, "Not one of you shall touch our soil?" Or shall we say to the barbarian hordes ready to pour by the million into this country, "Come one and all; the gates are open; the fields are broad; the welcome will be hearty?" Shall we say to the rulers of that over-populated empire, "Send on your multitudes—the more the better?" To this policy of universal invitation and unlimited welcome there are certain of our citizens who say that, in order to social security and true national progress under our Christian civilization, our citizens must hold, at least in substance, Christian ideas and be under the control of the Christian spirit. "Our hope," say these men, "is in the Christianization of the people who are to be the citizens, the law-makers, and the executors of law in this republic; and any policy would prove disastrous under which the land might be flooded with pagan millions, devoid of Christian ideas and Christian principles, and degraded by the idolatries and corruptions of heathenism."

THE strongest argument of the affirmative is that based upon the continued allegiance of Chinese immigrants to their own government. And it is this argument, unanswered by the negative, which gives the weight of argument, and whatever "victory" may be implied, to the AFFIRMATIVE in the debate opened in OUR YOUTH, No. 11, February 13, and closed in No. 15, March 13, 1886.

THE Chinese Question will not soon be settled. It is difficult for true Americans to examine it calmly. The denunciations, cruelties, and murders of which the Chinese immigrants are the objects, and for which certain portions of our foreign population are responsible, have so aroused native-born and genuine Americans that it is difficult for them to listen dispassionately to the arguments of those intelligent citizens who disapprove of unrestricted immigration. It makes one's blood boil to see foreign-born American citizens who, entering by the open gate-way on our eastern coast, and owing all that they are and have to our land and government, by torch and club, by rope and revolver, driving out or killing other foreigners who enter the open gate-way on the west. Between these European and these Asiatic candidates for our sympathy and assistance it is hard to choose, except when we remember the ecclesiastical tyranny under which the one class are bound slaves to-day, and then our hearts more easily decide between the two. The day of retribution will come. God speed the day!

THERE is one view of the case which we are bound to consider, whether we can accept it or not. This country of ours is the "refuge of the oppressed," and yet there are limitations in its proffers of protection and privilege which must be remembered by those who come, and by the enthusiastic friends of humanity who bid them welcome. The benefits of the American government are offered to individuals who seek to become integrant parts of that government, and not to institutions, societies, or communities organized on principles which antagonize it. We do not want, nor shall we ever welcome, monarchies of any sort to our shores. Russians may come, but they must come as individuals, and not as subjects of the Czar, or as Russian communities owing allegiance to the court of St. Petersburg. With all our freedom there would be some embarrassments put in the way of a State or county of these United States that should attempt to transfer to a portion of its territory an English community subject to the English government, with one of her majesty's sons as reigning sovereign under the British flag. When the pope of Rome was temporal ruler, and certain laws of prime allegiance were

on the statute books of the Vatican (not yet annulled, we fear), there was anxiety felt by loyal Americans concerning the Romish element as necessarily foreign and as antagonistic to republican institutions. Many wise and prudent men are not fully satisfied that the Chinese immigrants are seekers after individual freedom according to the lofty ideals of this republic. There are reasons to doubt their freedom from Oriental and pagan allegiance. Therefore, in the interest of true republican ideas and of a sound republican government, and for the future welfare of the Chinese themselves, certain thoughtful citizens favor the restriction of Chinese immigration (restriction, remember, and not prohibition), and they hold this position in the interest of the pagan civilization they would correct, and of the Christian civilization they would conserve. But they would experiment carefully, canvass the whole question exhaustively, and then carry out the decision reached in spite of political and ecclesiastical despotism.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Review of the First Quarter.

The lessons for the past quarter have covered a wide range of history, an extended geographical area, and a long period of time.

We have dwelt in Jerusalem with Josiah; mourned with the weeping Jeremiah; journeyed to Babylon with Zedekiah; traced the career of Daniel and the three heroic Hebrew children; seen the affright of Belshazzar; returned to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel; found the anxious Nehemiah in Shushan; gathered at the opening of the law in Jerusalem with Ezra; trembled in suspense at the bold experiment of Esther; and heard the thunders and the melodies of the prophet Malachi.

From Josiah to Nehemiah and Malachi was quite two centuries; as long as from the time that New Amsterdam by the Hudson River became New York in 1664 to the time that Lee surrendered to Grant at the close of the Civil War in 1865.

From Jerusalem to Babylon is five hundred miles, and to Shushan seven hundred—about the distance from Chicago to Chautauqua and to Elmira, N. Y.

Noble men and a queenly woman have looked into our faces out of this old history. Skeptics may sneer at the Old Testament, but when two centuries of it put into our fellowship and into our homes such kings as Josiah and Cyrus, such poets and preachers as Jeremiah and Malachi, such an angel of deliverance as Esther, and such saints, with the stuff that soldiers are made of in them, as Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, we will still revere the venerable book, read it, ponder it, defend it, and seek to extend its influence in the world. The splendid characters of the last quarter's lessons are fit subjects for study in these latter days, and the more this nineteenth century after Christ searches these sacred records of the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ the better will it be for us and ours.

A Temperance Homily.

The Bible is full of temperance. It is a temperance hand-book. The last quarter's lessons are full of the subject. The "captivities" suggest the bondage from which all modern temperance movements are aiming to rescue men. The "Rechabites" are, in one particular at least, an example to every body. Their father "commanded his sons not to drink wine," and of them it is written "unto this day they drink none." Daniel and his companions were a total abstinence society in Babylon—the hardest place on earth for such a society. They did not wait for "prohibition" in Babylon. They were total abstainers in the very heart of a wine-drinking and debauched community. And soon the "temperance man" of the times came to a place of power.

Self-denial and self-control, through the fear of God, and in the face of temptation, are the pressing needs of our age and of our country. Let us have all civil legislation we can get—"local option," State "prohibition," a "clause in the constitution"—any thing, every thing. Let us wait for these, and work while we wait. In the meantime let us exemplify and commend and urge upon others bold, positive, uncompromising total abstinence.

Let us pray for it, talk for it, vote for it, combine for it, wait for it, and, if need be, let us be willing to die for it.

A Missionary Homily.

The lessons of the quarter are brimful of missionary hints and inspirations. Almost every aspect of Christian work is illustrated. Josiah and Zerubbabel would have been grand leaders in a *Church Extension* Society. The *Board of Education* may get a hint from the four Hebrew children. Shaphan would be a good *Tract Society* helper. Nehemiah would to-day aid the *Freedmen*. The *Sunday-School Union* should take counsel from Ezra and the Levites. *Woman's Work* is justified by the fair Esther. Jeremiah, Daniel, and Malachi would make magnificent *Missionary* Secretaries.

The lessons of the last quarter are full of missionary zeal and wisdom. They blaze with enthusiasm. They cleave through human sin and hardness like the sword of the Spirit. Cyrus is a missionary king. Daniel is a missionary pioneer. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are illustrious examples of missionary heroism. Nehemiah was a veritable Bishop Taylor, praying and trusting and going. Chaplain McCabe, having worked like a hero, would have led in missionary song and shout (with a bit of the old Church Extension memory and fervor) that day when the "church" was dedicated, and "the people shouted with a loud shout and the noise was heard afar off." I fancy I hear him now with his "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Missionary themes abound in the lessons for the past three months. You can find missionary texts here thick as stars. Take the last lesson of the twelve. Read it over. Hear the terror of the law and the sweetness of the Gospel! See the sun rising! See the Lord victorious over his foes! Welcome the "messenger!" The Lord cometh!

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 1.—The term of the itinerancy should be extended from three to six years. It takes some time for the preacher to become acquainted with his people and the people with their preacher.

His labors cannot meet with complete success until he learns the condition and needs of his congregation, and, as their religious teacher, gains their confidence. This takes time. If, when this is accomplished, or soon after, he is transferred to a new charge, which he is, he must repeat the same preliminary labor. I contend that ministers are doing mostly preparatory work. They should have more time for performing effective labor.

The character of the congregation is impaired by frequent changes, for a good preacher becomes more efficient as he learns more of his members' spiritual constitution. The preacher himself will be less conscientiously careful if he looks upon his tenure of office as liable to be quickly broken. M. L. Glazer.

Fair Mount, N. J.

No. 2.—It seems to me that a pastor's usefulness could be greatly increased by an extension of the term of the itinerancy to six years. Under the existing system, however sincere and earnest a pastor may be, he cannot help feeling that he is but a visitor in the community, and he cannot take the deep interest in all the affairs of the Church that he would, were he able to look forward to a few years of residence.

The circuit-rider with his saddle-bags has given place to the traveling pastor with his packing-boxes. Shall we not hope to some day see the latter in his "home?"

No. 3.—The itinerancy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or, as the editor of Our Youth has styled it, "Our Settled Ministry," is a wonderful piece of machinery, and considering all the circumstances it performs its work with marvelous efficiency.

But is it not true that we hear the movements of this mighty engine too often? By so frequently bringing into action the ponderous balance-wheel of the bishops, the levers of the presiding elders, and the signal pulls of the church committees, do we not harm the spiritual life of the people?

In my judgment it would be better for people as well as pastor if this mechanical operation, excellent as it is, were demanded at less frequent intervals.

No. 4.—The position of the Methodist Episcopal Church among the other denominations of any given community is a matter that deserves consideration. If denominational strength is to be desired as the first requisite, a feeling of catholicity should be cultivated at the same time, and a social and religious union of all denominations should be effected.

In such a movement the pastor is the great factor. If he is well-known and popular in the community his church and denomination share his honors.

Now the Methodist Episcopal pastor does not have the opportunity to do this important work. He must devote almost all of his limited time to his own flock, and he can do little or nothing to secure a high place for his denomination in the community. It seems hard that all the genial, whole-souled, great-hearted men in our ministry should be cut off from this valuable and pleasant side of pastoral work.

Six years would make easy what three render most difficult.

Notice.

Arguments should be forwarded to Our Youth, *Plainfield, N. J., the affirmative before March 20; the negative before March 27 and April 3, 1886.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

COMMIT to memory the "Apostles' Creed" and the "Ten Points."

What can the members of the Oxford League do in the line of work?

ANSWER 5. They may assist in pastoral instruction. Teaching in Sunday-school is one form of such pastoral assistance. And this is the true thought of the Sunday-school. It is the pastor's helper in religious and spiritual edification. At present this work is tolerably well done, but we might have and we must have it better done. The members of the League may become Sunday-school teachers of a high order—pastoral teachers, and not merely Sunday-school teachers; that is, teachers who work for the spiritual edification of their pupils, and not merely for the recitation of lessons during the session. The editor of OUR YOUTH is planning a new and simple course of lessons for those who are to be Sunday-school teachers; lessons on a slightly different plan from any now used. If we can get them ready we shall introduce them into the columns of our paper in a few weeks. The Sunday-school teacher is a pastor, and ought to love and work for his scholars diligently, greeting them at school early in the session, visiting them often at their homes, going after them on Monday if they were absent on Sunday, getting acquainted with their parents, encouraging them to prepare the lesson during the week, finding out their peculiar temptations and perils, watching over them to shield and help them, talking to them about true living, praying for and with them. There are so many ways in the Sunday-school by which, as an Oxford Leaguer, one may help the pastor.

IN another way one may teach and train others. When probationers are taken in, members of the League may be assigned to the care of these new Church members. Here is Alfred. He belongs to the League. Let him be assigned to the care of Tom and Will—two young fellows just received. He may teach them the doctrines and usages of the Church, encourage them to regularity of attendance upon the social and public services, meet them now and then for conversation and prayer. Such effort would hold Tom and Will, but it would be a still greater blessing to Alfred.

THERE are always in the Church young people (and older ones too) who want to have a better education. They left school early and cannot go back, but really desire to be students. Intelligent "Leaguers" may take charge of such as these. They may read with them, teach them, and encourage them. How many good books of history might in this way be read, and what a protection would such habits prove to be against the common temptations of society and street life! What night-schools could be set up! What a quickening of mind there would be in the Church!

HERE is where the Spare-Minute Course would come in play. Twenty-five sixteen-paged tracts of history and science would keep a little group of readers busy for three or six months. Have you never heard of the Spare-Minute Course? Next week we will give you some account of it.

THE "League Record," Vol. 1, No. 1, published in *Rock Falls, Ill.*, is before us. It is the organ of the Oxford League of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Rock Falls, and contains a full account of the movement in extracts from OUR YOUTH, to which its editors, Nettie Lukins and Minnie Leitch, give credit. The Rock Falls Oxford League was organized in December, 1885. We hope to have full reports from this new League. It opens well. Its paper is beautiful. Now let us see what good work for Christ the Rock Falls movement will accomplish.

THE League must have pioneers. If the preacher in charge does not start it some one must. Let us hear from the pioneers.

A CONGREGATIONALIST pastor in one of the largest and best churches in the western reserve writes the editor concerning OUR YOUTH and *The Oxford League:*

DEAR BROTHER: I take the liberty of expressing my enjoyment and appreciation of your new paper, OUR YOUTH. My boy of fourteen, for whom I have tried one after another of the popular papers, declares of OUR YOUTH that it's a "dandy" and "takes the cake," from which I infer that *he* enjoys and appreciates it also.

So bright, readable, clean, and Christian a paper is a blessing to the house.

If I were a Methodist Episcopal preacher I should hardly rest till I had ordained and accomplished its entrance into all the homes of the (parish) *charge.*

I want to congratulate you and the Church you serve on the Oxford League, which seems to me by far the wisest and most useful of all the varied organizations you have fathered. I hope your Church will prove ripe for it, for if its object could be reached, and Methodism made at once catholic and at the same time intelligently and devoutly loyal to itself, the gain in power would be something wonderful.

I talk the Oxford League to all my Methodist Episcopal friends, and mean to provoke them to one in this place if I can. Very truly yours,

——— ———.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

IRONY.

IRONY, unlike the other figures of speech, depends largely for its force upon the tone of the speaker, but an ironical expression is usually detected even in written or printed discourse.

Irony consists in making a statement as far from the truth as possible, for the sake of calling attention to its falsity. For example, suppose one man is thoroughly convinced that another is a rascal, and, moreover, feels called upon to tell him so, he is more than likely to say, "You are a *fine* specimen of a man." This is ironical in the true sense of the word, which is from a Greek verb meaning "to speak with dissimulation."

Irony may be so hidden in the guise of sincerity as not to be discovered by the victim of it. In cases of this kind the tone of the voice is often the only clew.

Irony is a cruel weapon in personal attack, and it should be used only when there is just occasion. The continual use of ironical expressions in daily life is to be avoided. The habit contributes neither to the happiness of those about you, nor to your own popularity. Irony is more effectual in some cases than a direct attack, but even then it carries with it an idea of meanness and unfair dealing. Perhaps the best example of irony that we find in literature is that oft-quoted passage from Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, in Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar."

"Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(*For Brutus is an honorable man,*
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my best friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man."

If we knew nothing of the circumstances under which this was written, we should not be unreasonable in supposing that the orator was paying some tribute to Brutus. But when we remember that Antony was the bosom friend of the man whom Brutus and the rest had assassinated, the italicized words convey a very different meaning.

In this case irony was the only weapon that Antony dared to use. Let him say one word against Brutus, the destroyer of tyranny, the restorer of ancient liberties, and he would have been torn from the rostrum by the enraged mob. See the art of the man. He told them of Cæsar's kindness, of his love for Rome and her citizens, of his nobility and greatness; every few sentences he mentioned those who had killed him as *honorable men*, each time the scornful tone becoming more and more marked until the crowd were maddened and aroused to a furious violence.

The Bible contains many excellent examples of irony. Elijah says tauntingly to the priests of Baal:

"Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

AMERICAN ENGLISH.

A FEW weeks ago we spoke of the tendency of our language to become localized, and the danger that might arise from having a great many different dialects all over our land. An English magazine pays our language a high tribute in the following paragraph:

"A very erroneous impression generally exists in this country as to the manner in which the English language is spoken in the United States. This has arisen in some degree from the circumstance that travelers have dwelt upon and exaggerated such peculiarities of language as have come under their observation in various parts of the Union; but

also in greater measure from the fact that in English novels and dramas in which an American figures—no matter whether the character depicted be represented as a man of good social position and, presumably, fair education, or not—he is made to express himself in a dialect happily combining the peculiarities of speech of every section of the country from Maine to Texas. With the exception of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope's 'American Senator,' I cannot recall to mind a single work of fiction in which this is not the case. Take, for instance, those portions of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' the scenes of which are laid in the United States; Richard Fairfield, in Bulwer's 'My Novel;' the Colonel, in Lever's 'One of Them;' Fullalove, in Charles Reade's 'Very Hard Cash;' the younger Fenton, in Yates's 'Black Sheep;' or the American traveler, in 'Mugby Junction'—in each and every instance the result is to convey a most erroneous idea as to the manner in which our common tongue is ordinarily spoken in the United States.

"As a matter of fact, the speech of educated Americans differs but little from that of the same class in Great Britain; while, as regards the great bulk of the people of the United States, there can be no question but that they speak purer and more idiomatic English than do the masses here. In every State of the Union the language of the inhabitants can be understood without the slightest difficulty. This is more than can be said of the dialects of the peasantry in various parts of England, these being in many instances perfectly unintelligible to a stranger. Again, the fluency of expression and command of language possessed by Americans even in the humbler ranks of life forms a marked contrast to the poverty of speech of the same class in this country, where, as an eminent philologist has declared, a very considerable proportion of the agricultural population habitually make use of a vocabulary not exceeding three hundred words."—*Chambers's Journal.*

Familiar Quotations.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
—*Alexander Pope.*

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"—*Shakespeare's King Lear.*

"God made the country, and man made the town."
—*William Cowper.*

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

Magic Writing.

Similar in character to the magic game which we described in No. 14 is "magic writing." As in the case of the former game, there are two accomplices who undertake to mystify the company. One player leaves the room while the other asks the company to select some short word for the absent one to read on his return. We will suppose that the word *At* is decided upon. The exiled player is recalled. The accomplice takes a cane in his hand and makes a number of perfectly unintelligible scrawls on the floor ending with a tap and the remark, "That is it." The reader immediately says "The word is *AT*." In the same way a number of short simple words are written and read, until some one discovers the plan, or until all have given it up.

Then follows the explanation, which is simple enough. The vowels a, e, i, o, u are represented by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 taps respectively, while the consonants are the first letters of the commonplace remarks which the writer is continually making. For example, here are a few words:

"Can you read this?" (one tap). "There it is," which to the accomplice means CAT.

"Try now," "Read this" (two taps), scrawls, (two taps), TREE.

"Have you seen this word?" (four taps). "Read carefully," "See here" (two taps), HORSE.

It requires some little tact on the part of the writer to avoid sentences which are so unnatural as to attract attention, and the reader must be quick in noticing the signals, and in catching every remark the writer makes.

If well played this trick often mystifies the company delightfully, and causes a good deal of merriment.

Hare and Hounds.

This game is popular in England, and deserves a more prominent place in the list of American sports. It trains to endurance, pluck, and perseverance; it leads its followers into the open fields, over fences and ditches, up hill and down, and gives them pure, invigorating air to breathe into their wide-open lungs.

Most boys are familiar with the simple rules of the game they play now and then, but not often enough.

In the bright, cool days of the spring "Hare and Hounds" should be run across country almost every Saturday. Friday after school there should be a "meet" in some convenient barn or other place where boys are wont to congregate. Each comer should bring as many old newspapers as he can legitimately capture at home, to make "scent." This important article is manufactured by tearing the paper into small pieces an inch or two square. Sometimes the printers in a town have scraps of paper which fall from their trimming machines, and which they sell very cheaply for "scent," but after all the jolly time about the "scent" bag is one of the pleasantest features of the game, and the use of the ready-made article is not to be encouraged. When the two "scent" bags are filled, a couple of hares must be chosen. These should be fast runners, well acquainted with the country over which the run is to be made. The rest of the crowd—the hounds—hould elect a "master of hounds" who is to command the pack.

Saturday morning, bright and early, all meet at the appointed place. At the word of the "master of hounds" off dart the "hares." They are to run a certain distance on a given road, then hide a bundle of paper, and from that point begin to lay the scent and take their own course, not, however, parting company. When eight minutes have passed, the "master of hounds" sounds his whistle, and off go the pack well together. The bundle is found, another whistle, and the pursuers dart away along the paper trail.

When the hares turn back they leave a little flag hanging in a tree, and take the shortest cut for home. Until this point is reached it is best to keep the pack together, but from this flag the hounds have a race for the starting point, and the first man in wins the prize of the day—a bit of ribbon or some other equally simple memento. It so seldom happens that the hares are caught that we have described the game without supposing that event. If the hares are overtaken and touched by one of the pack, all stop, and after a rest take the run home as it has been described. This game furnishes splendid exercise in the best gymnasium of the world—the open country—and we urge it upon all live young Americans.

A Charade.

IN(N) A hotel, clerk, guests, and call-boy.
TIM Guests shown to their rooms by the boy "Tim."
I Egotism displayed by the hotel clerk.
DATE Discussion about the *date* of arrival of guests, who think that the clerk is making an excessive charge.
INTIMIDATE—Policeman is brought in to awe the rebellious guests.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

We are sorry to learn that the Assembly of Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, has been suspended. There seem to have been good reasons for it. It is not dead. It sleeps, and will soon be awakened out of its sleep.

The "Sunday-School Chronicle" of London announces a "Greek Correspondence Class." The plan is that of our Chautauqua correspondence schools.

One of the perils of this country to-day lies in the idea, too prevalent, that the Roman Catholic Church has changed in her spirit, aims, ambitions, motives, and purposes. The fact is that she is the same now that she was three or four hundred years ago, and is the author of the wretchedness, poverty, and general degradation of the masses in Spain, Italy, South America, Mexico, South Ireland, and French Canada. Beware of Rome!

In one of General W. T. Sherman's recent unnecessary letters, in which he declined to give money toward the support of a retired and estimable school-teacher, he says: "My family is Catholic, and Mrs. Sherman would no more consent to have her children enter a public school than a common tavern." Of course the General means *Roman* Catholic, and of course he approves the folly of his wife. But will our readers observe, and remember, and often ponder, and grow righteously indignant over the Roman Catholic idea above stated?

A correspondent asks, "Who is the author of the following:

"'Trifles, though but little things,
Are weighty in the mass?'"

She also asks, "Who devised the plan of laying out the country in townships, ranges, and sections?" Who will give an answer?

Here is the prayer of a little four-year-old whose mother had just been buried. The evening after the funeral the little fellow was found kneeling, and looking up to heaven with clasped hands, talking to his mamma and the blessed Saviour. These were his words: "O Desus, I know 'oou's dood, 'taus papa say so, but I wis' 'oou didn't tate my mamma, 'taus it's so lonesome wivout her and I tant do to bed. I wis' 'ooud bing her bat, or tum and dit papa and me. Don't wait. Amen."

Yet we must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation; for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of our hearts, but be resisted at the very gate, on his first knocking.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

The German Empire.

(Area, 212,028 sq. miles; population, 45,234,061; ruler, Emperor William I.)

THE German Empire consists of four kingdoms, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, six grand-duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, three free cities, and the imperial province of Alsace-Lorraine.

The northern part of Germany is low and in some places sandy, while the southern districts are higher and are broken by low mountain ranges, of which the Hartz and the Black Forest are the best known. The rivers rise in this southern highland, the Rhine, Weser, and Elbe flowing to the North Sea, the Oder and Vistula to the Baltic, and the Danube, which reaches the Black Sea after a long course through Austria and the Balkan states. The census of 1882 thus divides the people by occupations: Agriculture, 18,840,818; mining and manufacturing, 16,058,080; commerce, 4,531,080. The leading agricultural products are grain, the vine, beetroot, potatoes, and hay. Coal, iron, zinc, lead, and copper are mined in large quantities. The manufactures include chemicals, glassware, textiles, leather and metallic goods. Berlin, the capital, is one of the largest cities in the world. The wool market of Europe is at Breslau. Munich and Dresden have rich art treasures. Hamburg is the chief commercial city on the continent. Other important towns are Leipsic, Frankfort, and Strasburg.

The Protestants in the empire number 28,331,152, and there are 16,232,651 Roman Catholics. Education is compulsory, and the illiterate class is very small. Students from all parts of the world frequent the universities. Service for seven years in the imperial army is required of every able-bodied citizen. A standing army of 450,000 men is maintained at an expense of $90,000,000, and a navy of proportionate strength is preparing. The colonial possessions of Germany are of recent acquisition, and their value has not yet been decided.

The Roman Empire was overthrown by German tribes who established kingdoms in Italy, France, Britain, and Spain. Charlemagne combined these nations into a single empire, which fell apart after his death, the eastern portion gradually assuming the name of Germany. As the limits of this new state were extended, the kings conceived themselves to be the successors of the Cæsars. They went to Rome to be crowned at the hands of the pope, and wasted their resources in the endeavor to rule Italy. Under Henry I., Otto, and Frederick Barbarossa the empire flourished, but the authority of the sovereign gradually passed to a large number of almost independent princes. Seven electors chose the emperor, and the election was often the cause of civil war. It became customary to elect the emperor from the family of the Hapsburgs, who were dukes of Austria, and they neglected the interests of the empire to build up the duchy. The Reformation divided the empire afresh and brought about the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), in which all Europe took a hand. A new power then arose in the north, Prussia, which was made a kingdom in 1701, and which under a succession of wise rulers rapidly advanced. Napoleon made himself master of the whole of Germany, and after his fall Prussia and Austria commenced a long struggle for the leadership. In 1861, William, King of Prussia, and Bismarck, his adviser, entered upon the policy which resulted in the defeat of Austria (1866) and her exclusion from the North German Confederation, which was then formed. Napoleon III., of France, sought to crush the power which was rising on the right bank of the Rhine. But his attack upon Prussia (1870) kindled throughout Germany a national ardor which had not burned for centuries. France was punished, and in the moment of victory the German states united to form a federal empire with William for its first emperor. Thus, after years of disorganization and weakness, there is at last a German nation worthy of a place in the front rank of the great nations of the world.

IF there ever was a purely military monarchy it is Prussia; and this kingdom has been to Europe what Sparta was to Greece. All the successors of Frederick have followed out his policy with singular tenacity. All their habits and associations have been military. The army has been the center of their pride, ambition, and hope. They have made their country one vast military camp. They have exempted no class from military services. They have honored and exalted the army more than any other interest. The principal people of the land are generals. The resources of the kingdom are expended in standing armies; and these are a perpetual menace. A network of military machinery controls all other pursuits and interests. The peasant is a military slave. The student of the university can be summoned to a military camp. Precedence in rank is given to military men over merchant princes, over learned professors, over distinguished jurists. The great idea of Prussia is military aggrandizement; it is no longer a small kingdom, but a great empire more powerful than either Austria or France. It believes in new annexations until all Germany shall be united under a Prussian kaiser.—*Dr. John Lord.*

English Topics.

THE recent political news from England has consisted rather of rumor than of fact. The Irish question remains the center of interest. But Mr. Gladstone has not yet disclosed his plans for the pacification of Ireland. It is expected that his policy will be announced at an early day. In the meantime the Parnellites seem confident that the government is about to grant a separate Parliament for Ireland. Lord Randolph Churchill, a prominent Tory and a member of Lord Salisbury's recent cabinet, took advantage of the temporary lull in the debate to make a few speeches to the people of Ulster, in the north of Ireland. The Ulster men are Protestants, and the young Tory leader inflamed their religious prejudices by describing their wretched situation under the Home Rule of Roman Catholics. The commotion which ensued has drawn attention to the fact, sometimes neglected, that there are really two parties in Ireland, one of which is resolutely opposed to the agitation in favor of a separate government. Lord Churchill promised his hearers that if the worst came to pass a large party in England was ready to appeal to arms rather than submit to the division of the empire.

In the absence of more important business the motion of Mr. Labouchere came to a vote in the House of Commons. This was a resolution directed against the House of Lords and declaring that body out of place in a representative government. Mr. Labouchere supported his proposal in a brilliant speech and secured 166 votes, which came from the Irish and Radical members. The resolution was defeated, but the size of the minority is significant of the growing sentiment against a legislative body largely composed of an hereditary aristocracy. The announcement of the result was greeted by an enthusiastic member as "the handwriting on the wall."

The Labor Troubles.

FOR several years the working-men of America have been quietly organizing themselves into a protective union, called the Knights of Labor. This association now counts its members by the hundred thousand, and is managed by an executive committee whose sole duty is to care for its interests. Its object is to assert and protect the rights of the laboring class. The individual laborer had little power in comparison with the strength of his employer, but by combining with his fellows he is enabled to bring a tremendous influence in support of his demands.

The Knights of Labor trust to arbitration, the strike, and the boycott to accomplish their purposes. In those cases in which the first method is employed the men state their grievance to a committee which endeavors to obtain a settlement from the employers. If this attempt fails, a strike is ordered, and the men quit work at a given signal, remaining "out" until one of the parties yields. No union man will take the place of a striking fellow-member, and all means are employed to prevent "scabs," or non-union men, from accepting the situations vacated by the strikers.

The boycott in used in various ways to bring an employer to terms. When a hotel is boycotted, not only do the aggrieved workingmen avoid patronizing it, but they seek to turn business from it by withdrawing their political support from public men who are its guests. A boycotted newspaper finds its circulation shrinking, and its advertisements diminishing in number. Sometimes the Knights of Labor have refused to trade with firms which continue to advertise in a sheet upon which the ban of the order has been laid. When the men employed upon one of the street-car lines in New York struck for fewer hours and larger pay, the mandate of the Knights was powerful enough to stop every street-car in the city, and block transportation until the demands of the few dissatisfied conductors and drivers were granted.

The rate of wages is not the sole cause of strikes. Ten thousand railroad men have left their places on one of the most important lines of the South-west for the avowed reason that one employee of the company was discharged because of his zeal for the Knights of Labor, and this is not an isolated instance. In some shops the employment of any person not a member of the union is made the occasion for a strike. At present there is unusual commotion among the laboring classes. Besides the strikes in New York and the South-west, nearly thirty thousand coal miners in the bituminous region of Pennsylvania are idle, waiting for the companies to yield.

The War on the Chinese.

THOSE who have followed the debate recently concluded in the columns of OUR YOUTH will be interested in the action of the California Anti-Chinese Convention, which adopted, March 12, a platform of which the following portions are the most interesting:

Whereas, The people of the State of California are, with a unanimity of sentiment unparalleled in history, opposed to the presence of Chinese in their midst, and are likewise opposed to the further immigration of that race into the United States; and,

Whereas, This opposition is not of sudden growth, but is the result of more than thirty years' experience; and,

Whereas, The evils arising from the presence of the Chinese are, first, their coming is an invasion, not an immigration; second, they have no families or homes among us; third, their domestic relations and modes of life are such as forever preclude their assimilation with our people; fourth, by education and custom they are antagonistic to our republican form of government; fifth, they maintain in our midst secret tribunes in defiance of our laws; sixth, the presence of so many adults owing allegiance to a foreign government is dangerous; seventh, they deter laboring men from coming to California; eighth, the contract system by which they come to this country is virtually a system of peonage hostile to Americans; ninth, their presence deters the growth of a reliable

labor element among our boys and girls; tenth, after subsisting on the lowest possible portion of their earnings they remit the residue, amounting to many millions annually, to China, while the substitution of American labor would retain this vast sum of money in our country. For these reasons they are a constant and growing source of irritation and danger to our State, and it is necessary that their immigration should be immediately stopped, and every lawful means adopted to remove those among us;

Resolved, That we demand that the government of the United States take immediate steps to prohibit absolutely this Chinese invasion.

Resolved, That to encourage the early removal of the Chinese we accept the suggestion of the Constitution of California, which says that no Chinese shall ever be employed upon any work of the State except in the punishment of crime.

Resolved, That the interests of the people of the State of California demand, in harmony with the organic law of the State, that the presence of Chinese should be discouraged in every particular, and that in every instance preference should be given to white labor, and we earnestly appeal to the people to do their utmost to supplant the Chinese with such labor. We are not in favor of any unlawful methods, but so firmly are we impressed with the great importance of discouraging the employment of the Chinese that we recommend that they be not patronized in any way, and we are in favor of boycotting at the very earliest moment any person who employs Chinese, directly or indirectly, or who purchases the product of Chinese labor. The date at which the boycott shall commence in different localities shall in all cases be left to the local leagues.

Pronunciation.

Al-sace' (ăl-sāss').
Aus'trĭ-a.
Băl-kăn'.
Bar'ba-ros'sa.
Ba-vā'ri-a.
Ber-lin'.
Bis'marck (Biz'-).
Brĕs'lau (-law).
Brit'ain (-un).
Cæ'sar (See'zar).
Char'le-magne' (Shar'-le-mān').
Dan'ūbe.
Drĕs'den (or Drez'-).
Elbe (Elb or El'bĕh).
Frank'fŏrt.
Haps'burg.
Hartz (Harts).
Lā'bou'chere' (-shār').
Leĭp'sic.
Lor-rāine'.
Mū'nich (-nĭk).
Na-pō'lē-on.
O'der.
Ot'tō.
Prŭs'sia.
Rhīne.
Salis'bur-y (Sawlz'ber-ĭ).
Sax'on-y.
Stras'burg.
Vist'ū-la.
Wē'ser or Vā'zer.
Wur'tem-berg.

A Brief Survey.

BOTH Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec and Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore will be appointed cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church at the approaching Consistory at Rome.——Fire at Valparaiso, Chili, March 10; loss, $1,000,000.——A motion in the British House of Commons to disestablish the Church of Wales was defeated.——Most of the band which sailed from New York February 4 to aid the revolutionists in Honduras, Central America, have returned without having accomplished their object.——Three of the most prominent men in Europe—Emperor William, Chancellor Bismarck, and Premier Gladstone—were reported ill on the same day, March 8.——Greece has again called out her militia, and the Powers are forming new combinations to compel her to keep the peace.——The State of Kentucky lets the labor of its convicts to the highest bidder. The convict miners at Greenwood have been threatened by the men whom they have thrown out of work, and several companies of militia have been sent to preserve order at the mines. The "honest workmen" hope to compel the Legislature, which is now in session, to abolish the system of cheap convict labor.——A Danish soldier is on trial for selling to the French government valuable information in regard to German fortresses.——The forty-first birthday of Alexander III., Czar of Russia, was celebrated with great splendor at St. Petersburg March 10.——A statement has been presented to the Dominion Parliament, now in session at Ottawa, showing the Canadian public debt to be $281,000,000. The Parliamentary committee on the Riel case has reported that the Half-breed leader was not insane. Intense excitement was aroused in the House of Commons by the discussion of this motion: "That this House feels that it is its duty to express deep regret that the sentence of death passed on Louis Riel, convicted of high treason, was allowed to be executed." This is a direct attack upon the government.——In the debate upon the question of the President's right to withhold information relating to removals from office, Senators Edmunds and Wilson have made vigorous speeches in support of the resolutions, and Senator Pugh has defended the position of the President.

J. D. H., Alhambra, Ill.—Strictly speaking there is now no Vice-President of the United States. Should Mr. Cleveland be removed from office before the expiration of his term the Secretary of State would succeed to the Presidency. But it is manifestly incorrect to speak of Mr. Bayard as Vice-President. You are right in supposing that under the old law Mr. Sherman would have become President in the event of Mr. Cleveland's death or removal, but the title of Vice-President was incorrectly applied to him. The "Hoar Bill," which altered the succession, became a law upon receiving the signature of the President.

OUR YOUTH SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

IN pursuance of a notice in a late issue of OUR YOUTH, we shall describe the plan of our *School of Journalism.*

Its aim is to give practice in writing a pure journalistic style—a style that shall be direct, clear, sprightly, and free from "slang" or flashy expressions. In order to make this work attractive we have decided upon the following plan, which we think is entirely new in our department of journalism.

We propose to print a "paper in a paper." We shall devote one page in certain issues of OUR YOUTH to a miniature paper, with a heading of its own, narrow columns, and small type. The name of this paper will be **The Journalist,** and it will look like a regular newspaper from the land of the Lilliputians.

Who are to be the contributors to **The Journalist?** We hope that we are not presuming too much when we reply: "The readers of OUR YOUTH."

The editors of OUR YOUTH must, of course, "make up" **The Journalist,** but all the contributions, as we have said, are to come from our readers. The names of those who succeed in having their contributions printed will, unless otherwise desired, be given at the head of **The Journalist** as the editors of that new publication.

There must be certain departments in **The Journalist,** Vol. 1, No. 1, and these we give below, indicating the number of words in each, and also naming a prize which will be given to the one sending us the best contribution in each department:

Editorial—A prospectus of **The Journalist** giving its aim, etc., 200 *words.* Prize, story, "The School in the Light-house." 12mo book.

Poem—On any subject. An anecdote or incident preferable, 12 short lines. Prize, story, "Yard-stick and Scissors." 12mo book.

Story—A bright little story on any subject, 350 *words.* Prize, story, "Play." 12mo book.

Article—On strikes and the Knights of Labor, 200 *words.* Prize, subscription to OUR YOUTH.

News Items—Five or six paragraphs of 50 *words* each on timely topics. Prize, subscription.

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Literary Notes—Review of OUR YOUTH, 100 *words.* Prize, subscription.

A Correspondent's Letter—A newspaper correspondent's letter to **The Journalist** from any country, giving a description of people and places, 200 *words.* Prize, subscription.

Who are to be the first editors of **The Journalist?** Begin at once, and send your contributions to OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J., marked on the outside "The Journalist."

Write simply and in a straightforward way. Try two or three different departments. If you fail as a poet you may succeed as a story-writer, so be sure to have plenty of irons in the fire.

Remember that the prospective editors of **The Journalist** are expected to write on only one side of the paper, and that the word-limit must not be transgressed.

Let the contributions be sent as soon as possible. If the amount of matter warrants it, **The Journalist** will appear Saturday, April 10, 1886.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Papa," asked a little three-year-old, "why do I say a short prayer and you a long prayer?"

"Because you are not old enough to learn a long prayer," explained the father.

"Is that it? I thought it was because I haven't got wicked enough yet to have to say a long prayer."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Ah, S'r Edward, I see you are to lecture."

"Yaas."

"W'at subject?"

"Characteristics of Hamericans."

"Why, you've never been to Hamerica, 'ave you?"

"No, but I 'ad a cablegram from there. I can read the character of the Hamericans in their 'and-writing, y' knaw."—*Boston Post.*

—A nurseryman in Warren County claims to be able to grow apples without cores. This is a move in the right direction; and it is hoped he will continue his experiments until he is able to grow oysters without shells and corn without cobs. The new species of fruit, however, will be rather rough on the soiled-faced street urchin who always begs for the "core," when a more fortunate companion becomes the possessor of an apple.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A.—"Home again! How did the water-cure affect you?"

B.—"Thank you, I am quite a different person now."

A.—"Thank heaven! You and your family are to be congratulated."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Sunday-school teacher (to Ah Sing, the laundryman)—"Ah Sing, where do wicked Chinamen go when they die?"

Ah Sing—"Bad placee."

Teacher—"What is the name of the bad place?"

Ah Sing—"Troy. Melican laundry. Washee shirtee no good."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Dr. Perkins Soonover had to ride away out into the suburbs of Austin to see a patient.

"I am sorry, doctor, that you have had such a long trip to see me," said the sick man.

"O, I've got another patient out this way, so you see I kill two birds with one stone."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Customer—"How much for this coat?"

Salesman—"Ten dollars."

Customer—"O I haven't got half that sum."

Salesman—"Take these breeches then. They are only four dollars and are off the same piece."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—"What's this newspaper article about the late John Smith?" inquired old Mr. Badger. "Is he our John?"

"Guess he is."

"Well, well! He allers was slower'n molasses in January. He was never on time in all his life, and they used to say he wasn't to his own weddin' till the day after the ceremony, and now the day after he's dead they call him 'the late John Smith.' It beats all how those newspapers do learn so much about a person."—*New York Graphic.*

THE BIG-HEADED BOY.

O, the big-headed boy! who knows more than his pa,
And gives advice free to his ignorant old ma;
Who the whole tree of knowledge has robbed of its fruit,
And torn up its withered old stump by the root;
O, the goddess of wisdom smiles blandly and coy
On the deep, spacious brow of the big-headed boy!

The big-headed boy, though he's scarcely sixteen,
With octogenarian wisdom is lean.
The wealth of his knowledge he gives without price,
This munificent slinger of generous advice!
From his fountain of wisdom he raineth with joy
On the just and the unjust—the big-headed boy!

O, the big-headed boy! what a darkness and dearth
Should the light of his knowledge be quenched from the earth!
How we should be left in the darkness of doubt
As Moses was left when the light went out!
That the world wobble on without further annoy
May he live to direct it—the big-headed boy!

—*Lynn Union.*

Rev H C Millman
KENDALL
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